

He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no myse, in such a night
Troilus me thinkes mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night
Did *Thibie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere hit selfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnchrist Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Ies. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend. (friend?)

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word.
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, & *M. Lorenzo*, sola.

Lor. Leauo hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere
morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the founds of musicke
Creep in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest

But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Iess. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musicke.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiu:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhanded colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauge eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of frage,

But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light wee see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musicke, hark.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark
When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day,
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are:
To their right praise, and true perfection:

Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,

Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,

But God fort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bas. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poetrie was
For all the world like *Curtlers* Poetry
Vpon a knife; Loue mee, and leaue mee nor.

Ner. What talke you of the Poetrie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should ly with you in your graue,

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue bene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gae it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue
Nerissa. I, if a Woman liue

Gra. Now by this hand I
A kinde of boy, a little scrub
No higher then thy selfe, the
A prating boy that begg'd it

I could not for my heart deny
Por. You were too blame, I
To part so slightly with your

A thing sticke on with oathe
And so riueted with faith vnto
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and

Neuer to part with it, and he
I dare be sworne for him, he
Nor plucke it from his finger.

That the world masters. No
You giue your wife too vnkinde
And 'twere to me I should be

Bas. Why I were best to
And sweare I lost the Ring
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue

Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it,
Deferu'd it too: and then the
That tooke some paines in win

And neyther man nor master
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you
Not that I hope which you re

Bas. If I could adde a lie
I would deny it: but you see
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it

Por. Euen so void is your
By heauen I wil nere come in
Vntill I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I
Bas. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I
If you did know for whom I

And would conceiue for what
And how vnwillingly I left
When nought would be acco

You would abate the strenght
Por. If you had knowe

Or halfe her worthinesse that
Or your owne honour to cor

You would not then haue part
What man is there so much in

If you had pleas'd to haue def
With any termes of Zeale: w

To vrge the thing held as a ce
Nerissa teaches me what to b

He die for't, but some Woman
Bas. No by mine honor

No Woman had it, but a ciui
Which did refuse three thou

And beg'd the Ring; the whi
And suffer'd him to go di

Euen he that had held vp the
Of my deere friend. What st

I was inforc'd to send it after
My honor would not let ingr

So much bestreame it. Pardon
And by these blessed Candles

Had you bene there, I thinke
The Ring of me, to giue the w